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APRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address True & Co., Augusta, Me., 17-174.

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Prices in Paris.
The Englishman who makes it a matter of recreation to run over to Paris twice a season is beginning to fret against the rapacity of the Frenchmen with whom, in the matter of meat and drink, he has to deal. He buys old books, often at a bargain; he does not buy much bric-a-brac in Paris, but he must, and the prices demanded of him, simply because he falters in his French, render him rebellious. Still he is an amiable fellow. He dislikes a struggle, and even if disposed to struggle his treacherous accent reminds him that he is not at home. He may bend his brows over the abnormal size of his "addition," but he puts his hand into his pocket and pays it, after all, and that is all the Frenchman cares for. The Parisian setting out to buy looks critically at everything. He then demands the price of several articles in which he has no interest whatever, and finally swooping down upon the object of his desires, "et ça?" he asks. On learning the price he whistles a polite little French whistle. "Trop cher," he says. "Mais non, monsieur," urges the merchant. "Mais oui, monsieur," insists the Parisian. A little silence ensues, broken by the would-be buyer. "Est ce le dernier prix, monsieur," he insinuates. "Ah, oui, c'est le dernier prix; ce n'est pas cher." The voice of the merchant is dignified but reproachful. "Eh bien!" says the Parisian, "bonjour, monsieur." The merchant allows the Parisian to get so far away that he is sure that he is really going and that he will not come back. Then cautiously the merchant puts his head out of his door and calls him: "Pati-p—st! Attendez, monsieur! What will monsieur give?" Monsieur turns and names his price; he does not take a step backward until he has received a definite answer. He knows what he is doing and with whom he has to deal. He names his price, something within reason, and the merchant shrugs his shoulders. "Eh bien!" he says, "take it," and the bargain is concluded.—Paris Cor. Rochester Union.

Cromwell's Courage as a Boy.

One of Cromwell's schoolboy pranks had brought on him his mother's displeasure. She inflicted a severe chastisement on him and sent him to bed early in the evening. Oliver was sobbing with pain and anger, when a servant, entering the bedroom on some errand, happened to say that Mrs. Cromwell had gone to pay a visit to a sick friend, and intended to return across the fields. The moment the servant was gone and the door closed the boy sprang out of bed, hastily dressed himself, and got out of the house without being noticed. He then got a light spade and set off in the direction his mother would take on her return. He had gone the greater part of the way when he met his mother.

"There—there is a savage bull," said the still sobbing and excited boy, in reply to Mrs. Cromwell's exclamation of surprise, "in the field yonder, brought there to-day. I thought he might run at your red shawl, so I slipped out and came."

The mother was touched by her son's loving care, and having rewarded him with a kiss, she was escorted by the brave lad across the field in which the dangerous animal was kept.—Chatterbox.

Dined in the Governor's Room.

The room occupied by the governor in the state-house, and dignified by the high-sounding title "executive chamber," is at times put to some queer uses by visitors from the "rural districts" or the backwoods, in whom the gubernatorial presence itself inspires no respect or deters some such visitors from regarding that apartment as a "waiting" or "dressing" room, and in some cases a "dining" room.

A few days ago his excellency E. J. sat at his table involved in the consideration of weighty matters of the state, when a man walked in unannounced, took off his coat, marched to the mirror, took off his waistcoat, collar, and necktie before the somewhat surprised gaze of the governor. What further transpired is unknown, for the latter, thinking that his presence might embarrass the stranger, made his exit, leaving the fellow to finish his toilet alone and unobserved. After waiting a reasonable time, the governor returned to find his room unoccupied, and state matters continued to receive the attention of the executive.

On another occasion not long since ex-Gov. Pingree occupied the room in question, and whilst engaged with a gentleman preparing some financial statistics, in came a man, his wife, and two children. The whole family walked to the lounge, sat down, produced a lunch-basket, and began partaking of a frugal repast on pickles, dough-nuts, and pumpkin pie. The two dignitaries at the table looked in amazement on the scene for an instant, but were at once reassured by paterfamilias, who, acting as spokesman for the diners, said: "Don't mind us, mister, we're all right."—St. Albans Messenger.

The people of Melbourne, Australia.

are going to erect a statue in memory of O'Connell, the great Irish agitator. It will be like the one in O'Connell street, Dublin, and Mr. Brock, an Irishman living in London, who was the sculptor, has also been engaged for the statue of the Melbourne monument.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell so well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these remedies in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by John G. Walker.

A ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT.

A Sensation in a Little Town in Which a Pretty Mormon Maid Figures.

A gentleman just up from Iron county tells of an interesting little sensation which occurred in a little town of that county, the name of which, together with those of the parties concerned, are, at the request of our informant, for the present suppressed.

The bishop of the town of C— is blessed with many beautiful daughters, as bishops are wont to be, and up to the present time he has kept them from the evil influences of the "outside world," and has reared them strictly in the faith. Two or three of the daughters have contracted for celestial glory by marrying into the polygamous households of different brethren, and now that the old man is beginning to decline he hoped to cap the climax by having the youngest and fairest of his tribe enter the kingdom as the second wife of a promising young elder. The p. y. e. had for some months been progressing nicely with his visits, and might have been successful had not the appearance of a young gentile wrought a change in the spirit of his dream.

It was only two weeks ago when the gallant (a Denver man, by the way,) first set foot on the soil of C—, and it was only three evenings ago that he left, taking with him the fairest maiden in all the village. The young fellow was stylish and comparatively cultured, but, in the eyes of the anxious father, these were only additional signs of wickedness. His first met the girl at a party in the "meeting-house," to which he had been invited by some of the younger and more liberal saints. As soon as the youth saw the bishop's daughter he asked who she was, and in a few moments he had secured an introduction and was going dreamily through a mazy—plain quadrille ("waltz" would sound better, but the saints never do it.) She invited him to call. He called, and the old man invited him not to call. He tried to reason, but the old fellow was too stick for him, and in less than two minutes after he had entered the door he was seen sauntering out through the gate and down the road.

From that time it was the usual old story. They met in spite of the old man, and met with a vengeance. Last Wednesday night had any one been standing in the road in front of Bishop B's house he might have seen something interesting. A young fellow mounted on a fine-looking horse entered the barnyard gate, rode around to the rear of the house, and immediately returned with a young girl sitting behind him. Both were good riders, and it was not long before they were well on their way toward—where?

The whole thing had been so nicely arranged that the old folks did not discover what had happened until morning, when on going to the girl's room they found it vacant. There was the usual amount of sweating (male gender) and weeping (female gender). After the first shock was over the family held a council, and it was finally concluded to let her go, and so no attempt was made to follow the pair.

The old man has grown moody, the young elder is mad, and the little town is in a state of excitement while the eloping couple are—well, their happiness has, probably, not yet ended.—St. Lake Democrat.

Doesn't Like American Girls.

It is pretty well known in England, if not in America, that the Princess of Wales dislikes Americans. Of course, it is very silly of her and very unfair to do this with the little experience she has had to judge by. But, be that as it may, the fact remains that Americans find small, if indeed any, favor with the Princess of Wales. You see, unfortunately, she has had some rather damaging specimens to guide her judgment—women who have flirted, and ogled, and coquetted, and carried on as no lady should with the Prince, her husband, under her very nose. It was very smart and "fly," no doubt, of them, and thought extremely well by them at the time, but it was naturally displeasing to the man's wife. Naturally the Princess of Wales hates these women. She hates them in proportion to the degree the Prince favors them. Now, I don't suppose, of all women from foreign lands who have annoyed the Princess of Wales by these open attentions to her husband, and the scandals talk they have created, there is one that she positively detests more than Miss Chamberlaine. It isn't that the Prince loves Miss Chamberlaine more than any other woman, ranging from his wife down to Mrs. Langtry, but her fame has become more notorious in connection with his than of any other American. Mrs. James Brown Potter has been making long strides in the same direction lately. All I can say is, she must not be surprised if she, in consequence, "makes herself disliked" by the Princess of Wales. You really can't blame the Princess. She is a woman if she is a princess, and no woman cares to see him making a fool of himself with other women; and, worse still, sees these other women making a fool of him. She certainly won't like the women who do it. It can't be expected.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Drunkennes, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by a Laxative Dr.

Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking on their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio. 49 1 yr.

Cicero's Letters.

There are nearly eight hundred letters of Cicero now extant, besides at least ninety letters addressed to him; and we know that this large collection is a mere fragment of the immense correspondence which he left behind him. It extends over a period of less than twenty-five years—i. e., it gives us on the average a letter for about every eleven days of the last twenty-five years of his life. The letters are written to all sorts of people, and are of all varieties of style. Only in a very few instances does the writer seem to have had any thought of their being published. Their charm is their naturalness, their frankness, their outspokenness. It is difficult to imagine what our notion of Roman life and manners, of Roman history, would be without this unique correspondence; and all this astonishing letter-writing went on in the midst of every kind of engagement, and of such claims upon the writer's time and thoughts as few men that have ever lived are exposed to. Cicero was deeply immersed in politics, in lawsuits, in foreign affairs, in building houses, in writing books, and making collections of art treasures, in traveling, in actual warfare, yet in the midst of it all he was writing letters, long and short, at a rate which only a professional journalist nowadays could think of turning off. Sometimes pedantic and sometimes affected in his other writings, Cicero is never so in his letters. There he is always natural, and there you have the best side of the man shown us. The letters were written from his heart—they mean the familiar letters. He writes because he had a longing to communicate his thoughts to his friends—in other words, because he had a craving for the sympathy of those he loved. I believe that will be found to be the real secret of all good letter-writing. If a woman sits down to write as Mme. Le Seigne did, or as Pope did, with a view to an outside public, and only half a thought for the friend or relative addressed, you will never get really natural letters. There will always be a false ring about them. More than one book has been published during the last few years the author of which has been extremely careful to tell us in its preface that it was never intended for publication; that he was very much surprised, indeed, when it was used upon him that he should actually print his letters. Nothing had been further from his intention. The letters were written in the first instance to X, Y, or Z, etc. Yet we can hardly read a page without feeling quite certain that X, Y, or Z was only a peg to hang the letters on, which were most surely addressed to a larger outside public whom the author never lost sight of from the moment he took his pen in hand till the moment he laid it down.—The Nineteenth Century.

Cropping Dogs' Ears.

Sir Edwin Landseer, one of the judges at the dog-show in London, England, endeavored to exclude all dogs that had been mutilated by ear-cropping and otherwise. The principal reason for Sir Edwin's protest is that the cropping of ears is most cruel and hurtful to the dog. The cruelty complained of is not in the operation—that, after all, is a small matter. It consists in depriving the animal of a defense which nature has given it against the entrance of earth and sand into the ears. The entrance of these into the ears distress the dogs much, causing deafness, abscesses, and cancer. All dogs, more or less, require to be protected from sand and earth by overlapping ears; but especially do terriers, literally "earth dogs"—the species which, of all others, is most persecuted by cropping. They go into a burrow, their ears get full of sand, and they suffer ever afterward. Surely Sir Edwin Landseer is right in saying that judges of dogs ought not to sanction such treatment of the animal, and that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should look to the practice. The only excuse that can be set up for this system is a delusive one. It is said that fighting dogs fare better with their ears cropped, and the exigencies of fighting dogs have set the fashion for all others. It is true that if an ear be gone it can not be torn, but then it is forgotten that even for fighting purposes the ear is often a protection. All these fighting dogs have what are called "points." One has his way of seizing the leg, another fixes upon the throat, and yet another makes a dash at the large gland behind the ear, which in the dog is as sensitive as the most sensitive gland in the human body. Deprive the dog of his ear and the assailant can get a good bite at it and lay his adversary low. Leave the dog his ear and the assailant's grasp of the sensitive gland is impeded by the folds of the ear and rendered much more feeble. Thus, even to the fighting-dog the long ear is a positive defense.—New Orleans Picayune.

How to Be Reconciled.

A gentleman who had promised to meet his wife there was crowding his way through the throng of women in a large West Side establishment where all sorts of things are sold at low prices. Forced to pause a moment near a counter behind which stood a pretty saleswoman, he blurted out, "Is there anything on earth that would reconcile a man to such a crowd as this?" "Yes, sir," was the quick reply, "belonging to the firm."—Lafayette.

Editor daily paper—So you would like a job on the paper, Rastus?

Rastus—Yes, sah. I kinder feels dat I wud make er good journalist's wif a little 'perience. Editor—Quite likely. Well, Rastus, we'll give you a trial. You can carry that ton of coal on the sidewalk up to the sixth story, then wash down the windows, and scrub the floor, and clean the sub-cellar, and—Rastus—I say, boss, I reckon I'll try an' git er job on a weekly paper fast. Gittin' out a paper every day am too much ob a strain on er pesson what has nebbber had no journalist's 'perience. Deed it is.—Lafayette.

RUSHING TO DEATH.

In the attempt to swim the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids is no more reckless or dangerous than to trifle with disease which each day secures a stranger hold and hastens the end of life. This is specially true of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and nervous headache, which though perhaps slight at first are extremely dangerous, and steadily secure a firmer grip until at last the agony is unendurable and sudden death brings relief.

These diseases can be cured by the use of Athlophoros which, in connection with Athlophoros Pills, never fails when properly used. Read the following from those who have tested it.

John S. Kennedy, Spearville, Kansas, says: "Nearly two years ago, four bottles of Athlophoros cured me of rheumatism, and I have had no return of the old complaint since."

Mrs. A. Newton, wife of ex-Mayor Newton, Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I had been a great sufferer for years, and had resorted to many remedies, but nothing would do what Athlophoros did for me. Athlophoros took the stiffness out of the joints of my fingers, which I had been troubled with so long."

Murray J. Cochran, Denison, Iowa, says: "It is now two years since I used Athlophoros, and I have had no rheumatism since. At the time I used this medicine I was crippled so that I had to use crutches. My knees were swollen so that I had to cut my pants in order to wear them; my arms were stiff at the elbows; part of the time I could not feed myself. While in this condition, I was advised to take Athlophoros; which I did. After using a few bottles, I was completely cured."

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is \$1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, etc., Athlophoros Pills are unequalled.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, That letters of administration upon the Estate of Belle Earhart deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, by the Bates County Probate Court in Bates County, Missouri, bearing date the 3rd day of January 1887.

All persons having claims against said Estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance, within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of the publication of this notice, they will be forever barred.

J. W. EXNIS, Public Administrator.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, That letters of Administration upon the Estate of Thos. Beattie deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, by the Bates County Court, in Bates county, Missouri, bearing date the 13th day of January 1887.

All persons having claims against said Estate are required to exhibit them to him for allowance, within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within two years from date of the publication of this notice they will be forever barred.

W. S. MUND, Adm'r. 84t.

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Dr. J. S. Combs, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of lung disease, and advanced to that stage when cough, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 35 pounds and are not now needing any medicine. I prescribe no other emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, lime and soda, but Scott's believing it to be the best." 8 m

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